

Halo: The New Beginning

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Summary: A story about the Covenant point of view as the events of Halo 2 turned out. Cu'kar, Shiji, and Buka must fight for their survival against Flood, Humans, and themselves. I just revised the first chapter. Thanks for all your reviews. Keep posting them.

1. 01 New Beginning

KitsuneThief2

A/N: I know my first publication of my story was short and brief so I want back and fixed the common errors. Thanks FlyingAlpha for your input on my terms and company names. Other thanks to Hawki, freelance92, and Doug-E-Fresh for your reviews. And Doug-E-Fresh I like your review so much I will put it on here but at the end.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or Halo 2. Any characters I use from them are the property of Bungie and Microsoft. Everyone else belongs with me.

Covenant Terms for the non-Haloers

Sangheili - Elite

> Unggoy - Grunt
 Lekgolo - Hunter

> Jiralhanae - Brute
 Kig-Yar - Jackal

> Yanme'e - Drone
 Huragok - Engineer

> Prophet "â€"

Prophet<p>

The New Beginning

Four yearsâ€|four bloody years the loyal Sangheili had fought for the

Covenant and the holy Prophets, destroying countless humans because of the Covenant's divine purpose to found the Holy Rings the Forerunners had left them. But one mission, different than any other given to him, would prove to be his downfall. The defeated alien stared unblinking at the metal ceiling thinking on how this could have ended. The words betrayal ran deep through his purple blood like a black plaque.

In the center of the blight violet ship, stand a six feet Sangheili or Elites as the Humans had rightfully named them so. The reptilian alien carried a large scar on his right cheek given to him by a certain human. Few knew the importance of this scar to Ship Commander Cu'kar even though their alien technology could easily remove it in a matter of a few seconds. It was a constant reminder to him and his warriors the dishonor to the Covenant for their failure to destroy the wicked Demon when they had the chance.

Cu'kar paced up and down the narrow alleyways of the Command Phantom he had been reduced to after his failure. In this anguish, he started to stare into each of his warrior's eyes. They ranged from the common blue Sangheili to the highly respected SpecOps wearing proudly their black armor. He saw in them courage, honor—but in one of them, Cu'kar saw fear.

One thing a Sangheili never did was show fear in the face of any threat because they as the Sword of the Covenant must be willing to give their life for the Great Journey expect the Sangheili could plainly see the young alien trembling with trepidation. What surprised the former Ship Commander was he wear SpecOps Black Armor. He slowly recollected all the names of the Sangheili on board the Phantom.

The Sangheili was a new recruit to his squad of elite (A/N not human term for Covenant) warriors. The name suddenly hit the warrior, Shiji. 'Shiji. The Third Arbiter to the Prophets had the same name. What an uncommon name for a Sangheili with so little backbone. Not that names have to do with honor,' thought Cu'kar to himself, but very unusual. The Commander knew he had heard the name before his placement in this Phantom but he couldn't put his finger on it.

Unknowing to the Cu'kar, a careless Unggoy stepped into the Commander's path as he past the group of Unggoys. As if the entire thing was planned out, Cu'kar fell from his slumber of thought into the cold metal of the whining Phantom. The green Unggoy who had tripped the golden Sangheili quickly begged for his life and to spare his comrades from his wrong doing.

Expect for the Unggoys who were all fearful for their lives, every alien was doing their human equivalent to laughing. Even the Lekgolo who rarely speak to others outside their own race eel-like race were laughing. For the great Ship Commander Cu'kar, Defender of the Core Worlds, Hero of the Battle of the Seven Swords, former commander of Covenant war ship _Divine's Grief_, and the slaughter of Demons would so easily fall to an simple Unggoy was beyond them. Cu'kar promptly gathered himself off the floor and shouted at them to get ready for battle. Really, all they could do was wait till the Phantom had landed ground-side and either allowed them to do their duty to the Great Journey or die trying.

Shiji stand uncomfortable about his surroundings and how serious his kin were. He was a coward at heart, worse than an Unggoy on their most couragest day. He only earned this position as a SpecOps Sangheili not because of his battle experience or bravery but because his father was the Zealot Commander of all The Covenant SpecOps Forces. It was all caused byâ€|the Sangheili shuddered at the thought of the dreadful memory.

'No,' his job now was to die for the Great Journey like the Arbiter he is named after, but fear still had control of his body. He tried to remove this feeling by looking around the cramped Phantom. Shiji only got stares of warriors who had earned their honor through surviving death and Demons, not given it. He then looked at the twenty or so Unggoys who were still cowering in the center of the transport. Their presence didn't make him feel any better. The only friendly face Shiji could depict from the mob of aliens was not even a Sangheili but that of a Lekgolo.

The ten foot behemoth stood proudly among the six other Lekgolos also on the Phantom. The creature's name was Buka, given the name by Shiji because first of all he wouldn't tell him his original name and he remembered him of his late blood-brother. The respect the monster had for Shiji was very unnatural for its race considering how little Sangheili believed he deserve the honor. They usual have a mate for life and if one of them diesâ€|the scene isn't pretty. The surviving Lekgolo would go into a berserker rush till either they died or they killed themselves after they had avenged their decreased mate and insured the future of the Great Journey for their comrades.

But Buka was different from his kin. Shiji thought back to the Battle of Seven Swords, hell was breaking loose on the Human world of Reach. Thousands of loyal warriors on both sides would meet their maker on this once tranquility world.

Shiji painfully remembered how he followed his commander that day toward the entrenched humans. His squad was one of many among the initial ground assault. Just as they started to take positions across the planet, hundreds of green Demons descended on them. His entire squad was totally destroyed by the deadly Human super-soldiers. He hid like an Unggoy between some boulders near the crash site of his team's Phantom. The same Demon who killed his comrades then moved on to his next target, a lone Lekgolo standing in plain sight.

The unholy monster then raised its rifle at the lone Lekgolo and fired three rounds at it. The first shot pierced its chest plate causing orange blood to flow out freely of its body, the second shot hit into the Fuel Rod energy cells causing a devastating explosion vaporizing its left arm, and the third shot landed in-between the two armor pieces protecting its soft neck. The corpse landed with a quiet thud and there was utter silence as if the world moaned the loss of the Lekgolo. The stillness was then broken by a fierce roar of rage next the Demon. Only five meters stood between the Lekgolo and the green armored alien. The Lekgolo charged closing the distance in matters of seconds but that give time for the Demon to fire one round out of its sniper rifle. The round narrowly missed the vital throat and implanted itself in the Lekgolo's left shoulder.

The Lekgolo in one swift movement raised its giant shield over the Demon and smashed it on the human. The force behind the blow did not only disable its protective shield but deep into its shoulder. Even with the shield now replacing its shoulder, the Demon still attempted to reload and fire at the blood crazy creature. The Lekgolo never gave it the chance.

The body of the human quickly fell to the blood-covered ground as the Lekgolo lowered its Fuel Rod which was still cooling down. It walked a small number of steps before the Lekgolo came crashing to the dirt. Its breathing become irregular as the effect of the bullet began to take over its body.

Shiji horrified by the events that took place found himself standing over the dying Lekgolo. He reached back and put his hand on its shoulder and whispered, "May you die with the same honor you live with." Shiji raised his pulse rifle at the pitiful creature but found that he couldn't do it. He couldn't kill the creature which only desire was to meet its mate. Shiji's hesitation to finish the Lekgolo caused impatience in the creature. He activated its Fuel Rod to overload. Only a matter of few seconds it would vaporize into the atoms it was made of. Shiji quickly reacted to the hum of the energy weapon and fired three rounds into the wiring that controlled the gun. The glowing vanished and humming stopped.

Shiji then proclaimed with courage he did not know he had, "You are a warrior of the Covenant. You will stand for the Covenant because it means more...to me than anything." He shuddered for a moment but let the feeling past him, if he showed fear now, how would this Lekgolo believe him. He then continued, "I will not let a fine Lekgolo gave up just because of the loss of one soul. I have lost friends, comrades, commanders, and even family in the field of battle." The Lekgolo still didn't move. "Let me be your Soul Brother so I can help you get past your loss," he said frantically to the creature.

His words seemed to make their mark because the Lekgolo finally raised its body off the ground and got back on its two feet. The creature then reached out and grabbed the Sangheili's shoulder. It nodded its large blue head and then removed its hand from Shiji only to place it on his chest. Shiji looked down to see the Lekgolo had purposely put orange blood on his blue armor chest plate. He then looked up to glare into the behemoth's vast eyes and heard a hiss from it, "Mmyy soouull brrotheer yooouuu wiillll beee."

The sudden jerk from the Phantom returned Shiji back to reality. He stared at the metal floor as the memories of Buka faded away from his mind. Shiji looked up to see the Lekgolo had moved from the rear of the vessel to stand by him seeing the Sangheili discomfort about being here. Shiji silently thank the gentle creature whose original purpose was to die with its mate.

Shiji still dreaded the thought of the upcoming battle that had happen the moment they came off the Phantom.

Private Joshua Rouglass of Beta Company's Recon Squad stand like a ghost as he saw thirty Covenant Phantoms and hundreds of Banshees wailed onto their position in front of the ancient structure. He knew his orders and they were absolute, they had to get the icon before the Covenant did. But stillâ€¦

"Damn this ring world and my rotten luck," the Private cursed.

A woman's voice then suddenly reached his ear from his comlink, "This is Commander Keyes to all surviving squads. Pull back into the structure," she ordered on all lines, "We must secure the Icon at all costs. Master Chief has done his job, now its time for us to ours."

'Surviving squads' was the first thing that came to Rouglass's mind after the transmission ceased. And retreating back into the Forerunner structure, "Easy for her say," the Private said out loud as he ducked for the nearest cover.

Behind him, a large black man approached the Private with a cigar in his mouth, "You better do the hell she says Rouglass or you'll wish that the Covenant are coming to save your sorry ass from me."

The Private hastily replied with insecurity, "I meant no disrespect, Sergeant Johnson."

"You better not have," Johnson replied in his bad-ass voice. 'Shesh, marines these days.'

The Phantoms were landing about four hundred meters away from the entrance to structure. Johnson processed the information at almost unnatural speed. He shouted into his comlink, "Teams Rally and O'Malley cover the right flank. Teams Omega and Harry will cover the left flank. Everyone else on me."

The Sergeant glanced around to see his marines were doing as they were told and then relaxed for a second. 'At least marines since know how to listen,' he thought to himself. But that moment was short-lived.

Over his head, a frequency reached their ears that was most horrifying to himself and his fellow men. The voice frantically yelled in his comlink, "THIS IS CHARLIE COMPANY, DEMANDING REINFORCEMENTS. WE ARE BEING OVERRUN, REPEAT WE ARE BEING OVERRUN. WE AT SECOND FALL BACK POSITION. REPEAT, WE AREEâ€¦.AHHHHhhhhhh. GET IT OFF ME. SHOOT IT. SHOOT IT. AHHHHhhhhâ€¦." The sound of the marine slowly died as his labored breathing ceased.

Sergeant Johnson cursed under his breath. Charlie Company was covering Commander Keyes' squad. He then reached his hand to his comlink and send out a message to Keyes, "Ma'am, there is Flood heading your direction inside the compound." He only got silence.

"Commander Keyes do you copy," the Sergeant yelled into his speaker but only to heard a scream from Rouglass, "We got incoming!!." Just as the Private finished his sentence, a sole plasma round narrowly missed the Sergeant head. He had almost forgotten about the immediate threat of the Covenant that were now rushing toward his men.

"Damn, I hate my
life."

A/N: Thank you for reading my revised version of Halo: The New
Beginning. If there are any problems just tell me, I like to know
what I could fix.

P.S. Special thanks to all of you have left
reviews.

Doug-E-Fresh

Not a bad story, soldier. I like how wer are looking at a faithful
and religous Covenant perspective. Very bad-assed. No complaints
here. Semper Fidelis

"I will kill the enemy, I will make them bleed. I will show you my
faithfulness. I will conquer the world, and their will be peace under
my banner." Doug-E-Fresh

My favorite review. Thanks Doug-E-Fresh you made my day.

2. 02 I Hate My Life

A/N: Thank you, FlyingAlpha for your insight and correcting me on my
military terms.

I will change them after this post.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or anything to do with Halo. Only my
original characters belong with me.

Just so you can understand the terms used by the Covenant.

Sangheili - Elite
> Unggoy - Grunt
 Lekgolo - Hunter
> Jiralhanae - Brute
 Kig-Yar - Jackal
> Yanme'e - Drone
 Huragok - Engineer
> Prophet "Prophet"
Prophet<p>

Damn I Hate My Life

Sergeant Johnson took careful aim at the approaching Covenant forces
with his MA-45 Battle Rifle. One, no three rounds rang out of the
rifle stopping a Brute in its tracks. Its blood came gushing out of
three holes in its chest. The creature looked down at the fatal
injury and slowly collapsed as the pain rushed into its now darken
vision. But before he died, two grenades from his rifle made their
mark on the marines next to Sergeant Johnson.

The explosion threw Johnson and the Rouglass off their feet, but Private Manan and Young weren't as lucky. The battered Sergeant scanned his surrounds for any cover as hundreds of plasma, needlers, and grenade shots reined on their position.

Johnson counted the remaining men. Rouglass and himself made two. Plus Kirkland and Frankie now make four. He didn't even count Harrison because of leg injury. Not good numbers for the countless Covenant now rushing toward the entrance.

"Rouglass," Johnson shouted at the Private next to him. "I need to regroup with Commander Keyes and inform her about the Covenant and Flood."

"Hell NO! You aren't leaving without me or the rest of Beta Company behind," the Private replied to his superior officer. The Sergeant was surprised by this comment from an usual laded-back person.

"You got guts to say that to me with three hundred Covenant bearing down on us," the Sergeant said with an unnatural grin. Private Rouglass's expression was priceless.

"Rouglass, you grip Harrison and pull back into the structure." He then shouted into short range comlink, "Kirkland and Frankie give Rouglass covering fire." The Sergeant then lifted his MA-4A and quickly emptied the remaining clip at the incoming creatures.

"Today is one hell of a day," the Black man said to himself as Rouglass dragged Harrison inside the compound behind him.

"These humans are decent prey compared to what we usually hunt," the Jiralhanae said to Commander Cu'kar as the remaining three humans withdrew in the Forerunner Structure.

Cu'kar only growled at the ape-like alien next to him. Even though they were part of the same Covenant, that didn't make them allies. The tensions between Sangheili and Jiralhanae had reached its peak when news of the replacement of Sangheili as the Prophet's Honor guard with the Jiralhanae was unforgivable.

The alien then realized who he was cursing and bowed his head betting for silent forgiveness. He looked at the ground and then his squads of loyal Sangheilis, Lekgolos, and Unggoys, well Sangheilis and Lekgolos anyway.

The surviving Unggoys were all huddled together behind the Sangheili named Shji and his Lekgolo companion Buka. The Black SpecOps Sangheili was doing his best to calm the Unggoys down from their fight with the humans.

"Shiji," Cu'kar barked with angrily at his insubordinate. He wasn't in a mood for his warriors to play mother-figure for cowards.

"Yes Commander Cu'kar," Shiji replied automatically to his superior.

"What are you planning on doing? We as the Sangheili must set an example for others in the Covenant to follow not comfort them because they hurt their fingers." Commander Cu'kar could see hatred in Shiji eyes from his comment. 'Good at least their some warrior in him,' the golden Sangheili thought to himself.

"At least you did," a Jiralhanae wearing grey armor said as he walked past the two Sangheili. Before the idiot of a creature could think, the pulse of an energy sword was at his neck.

The Jiralhanae stand breathless as Cu'kar edged the blade closer. "I dare you to insult my race again. I have a good reason to kill you right now anyway."

"Stop this Ship Commander, we have more pushing manners on hand like the Icon," the lesser Sangheili said.

The Commander slowly lowered his blade and reducibly deactivated it. The golden creature growled as he past the pale Jiralhanae, "Only because of the Prophets do you live past this moment you Brute."

The Jiralhanae's body radiated with anger but did nothing. "Just wait. I'll get my revenge on you," the Brute whispered to himself as the rest of squad walked into the Forerunner building.

Johnson and his men gradually navigated their way through the alien structure. They could still hear the Covenant behind them. Private Harrison finally was ability to walk but he was the main reason Beta Company was moving so slowly. If it was up to him, he would carry Harrison's sorry ass all the way but his weight was double that of Rouglass and the Sergeant combined. 'Should have told him to go on a diet.'

"Level One cleared," Private Kirkland whispered in his comlink.

"This isn't some video game," Johnson shot at the bewildered Private.

'Shhhs, Marines these days. Thinking they are part of some great story,' thought the Sergeant as the elevator took them to the next level. 'Only five more to go.'

Shiji stood in awe of the grand facility made the Forerunners. He could only imagine the amount of labor it would take to make with just Covenant technology. The rest of the SpecOps continued without batting an eye. Buka, not paying attention, walked into the speechless Sangheili. Similar to the incident that happened on the Phantom with the Commander Cu'kar, the Lekgolo went chasing to the ground with Shiji in tow. The sound of squeaking metal echoed in the hollow halls.

Everyone stared at the duo now on the ground. After an awkward silence, an unnatural sound reached their ears, then the smell of the

dead. Cu'kar shouted to his warriors, "Prepare yourselves, the
Flooding are coming!"

The sound of sheath units hummed on each of the SpecOps. The only
exception was Shiji. His unit was destroyed by the weight of Buka.
Not only could things get worse, they did. His shield was not
activating.

"O save me Prophets," he whispered as hundred of spore flood crawled
their way toward
him.

A/N: I'm so evil. Hehehehe.

Hope you enjoyed it.

P.S: Please review

P.S.S: In your review, tell me if you think Shiji should survive his
encounter with the Flood.

End
file.